

# "August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.



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THE AFRICAN KOLA PLANT, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Cure for Asthma. Cures Guaranteed or No Pay. Export Office, 184 Broadway, New York.

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Apply Balm into each nostril.

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"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable,

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the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypo-

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Flesh Building in all ailments that are associated

with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Dissolves Gravel,

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Liver Complaint,

Catarrh of the Bladder,

Indigestion, flatulence, ulceration, dribbling,

frequent urination, pain in back and hips,

sudden stoppage of water with pressure.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00. Size, \$2.00.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Hiram, N. Y.

## The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. STEIGHT.

### CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

Enna might have overheard his words, seeing that when she spoke next she said, "And when shall I see you again, Roden?"

"That is more than I can say," he felt that it would be better for both of them that their meetings should be few and far between, but how was it possible to tell her so?

Equally impossible was it for Enna to press him on such a point.

"You will at least leave me an address at which a letter will find you in case of necessity," she said.

Then as he seemed to hesitate: "How can one tell from day to day what need may arise?"

"I will send you an address tomorrow where a letter or message will always find me," he said.

They were walking slowly toward the house. In the dark shadow of a clump of evergreens Enna came to a stand. The moment for parting was at hand.

"If you could but come indoors with me," she said, with sweet pleading in her tones. "If you would but trust Uncle Godfrey?"

"It cannot be," he answered with a ring of sharp pain in his voice.

"Good-by then, and God bless you!" she said, laying both her hands in his.

"Good-by and Heaven keep you!" he responded.

"Now that I have been here again, I dare say that on fine evenings I shall often find my way to the leads of the tower," said Enna in a low voice, feeling her cheeks flame in the darkness she did so.

For sole response Roden lifted the hand which rested in his and pressed them one after the other to his lips. Then he drew back a pace and lifted his hat. A whispered "farewell" floated through the summer eve. A moment later he was alone.

### CHAPTER XI.

What Lord Senlac Had to Tell.

Miss Penleath's chance interview with Roden Bosworth left her in even greater perplexity than before. It was an infinite relief to have the assurance from his own lips that in no shape or form was he personally implicated in Darvill's death, and yet that he should allow the guilt of it to lie at his door, and make no effort whatever to disprove it, could point to but one conclusion—that he was sacrificing himself in order to screen some other person. But who could that other person be?

All this time no word from Ivor Penleath had reached any one at the Croft. But that was a fact which gave rise to no alarm, scarcely even to surprise, in the mind of either his sister or his uncle; they were used to such vagaries on his part. It was only one instance the more added to the long list of his eccentricities. His sister had not failed to ask him for an address at which letters and newspapers would find him, or from which they could be remailed to him, while he on his part had not failed to go away without giving her what she had asked for. Thus they had no means of knowing at the Croft whether any particulars of the tragedy which had followed so closely on his departure had reached him. Still, though he might be beyond the reach of English newspapers, except any which might be sent specially after him, it was unlikely that he would not have seen one or other of the American journals containing, in however meagre a form, a notice of the peculiar circumstances connected with Darvill's death. In the face, however, of Ivor's continued silence, nothing could be taken for granted.

It was about a fortnight after the meeting on the tower when Colonel Berridge and Miss Penleath received each a pressing worded invitation to the dinner to be followed by a ball, about to be given in honor of the coming of age of young Alan Cunliffe, of Urswick Manor.

One of the first people on whom Enna set eyes when she entered the drawing-room at Urswick Manor was Lord Senlac, a fair-haired, short-sighted little man, with a fluffy mustache and a very obtrusive eyeglass, who saw her at the same moment and came forward to shake hands with her.

"Can it be really you, Lord Senlac?" demanded Enna in unfeigned surprise. "I thought that you were five or six thousand miles away at the very least. Pray, sir, what have you done with my brother?"

"As far as I am aware, Ivor Penleath is at the present moment in New York. At least that is where I left him a fortnight ago."

"But why are you back so soon? I thought your expedition, or whatever you called it, was to last till late in the autumn. And why did not Ivor return with you?"

"Some special family business compelled my father to cable for me and brought me back before my time. The reason why Ivor didn't come back with me was I suppose because he didn't want to. But when did you hear last from your brother?"

"We have not had a single line from him since he left England with you in April."

"Queer fellow! Then you haven't heard about his accident?"

"Accident? Good gracious, no! What was it?"

"He broke his arm within a few hours of landing. But don't be alarmed; he's as right as a trivet again. I give you my word. He hadn't been more than five or six hours in New York before he met with his accident. He was mooning about the streets by himself, being, as I dare say you are aware, a bit unsociable at times and fonder of his

own company than that of other people, when he was unfortunately knocked down and run over. He was carried to the nearest hospital, and when he came to himself he sent for me."

"Poor Ivor! No wonder we never heard from him," said Enna. "Of course he could not hold a pen. But it would have been kind of you, Lord Senlac, to have dropped me or my uncle a line."

"I proffered to do so more than once, but Penleath forbade me in the most positive terms, and you know how very positive he can be when he likes. Well, the other fellows of our party went on next day; but although Penleath was wild with me for not going with them, I stayed in New York upward of a week, seeing as much of him as the hospital people would allow of my doing, and did not leave till he was fairly on the way to recovery."

"That was very good of you. But did not Ivor go west, and join you as soon as he was able?"

"He never got farther than New York. When I called on him on my way back, in the hope that he would return to England with me, I found that he had taken rooms, engaged a man to wait on him, and was living there on garcon."

"Had he quite recovered from his accident by that time?"

"To all appearance. He had to be careful how he used his arm, and will have to be so, I dare say, for a considerable time to come."

"He declined to return with you?"

"He did. He said that he had taken quite a liking for the republican institutions and ways of life, and would stay and study them a little longer. But, entre nous, Miss Penleath, I'm inclined to believe, from one or two little things which came to my ears, that it's not the republic's institutions, but one of its fair daughters, that is at the bottom of Master Ivor's disinclination to quit the New World. This sounds a little like telling tales out of school; but if I had not been somewhat anxious about him I should not have taken the liberty of speaking as I have. If you have any influence over your brother, Miss Penleath, now is the time when it would seem desirable that you should bring it to bear."

"I understand, and I thank you. You will give me my brother's address in New York?"

"With pleasure."

"Did Ivor ever say anything to you about Captain Darvill's death?" asked Enna presently, in a low voice.

Lord Senlac hesitated for a moment or two, then he said: "As far as I recollect, the subject was never mentioned between us. During my first days in New York I was greatly concerned about Penleath, and I don't believe I as much as glanced at a newspaper. I found a lot of papers waiting for me at Denver, and then, of course, I read all about the affair. When I got back to New York I had only a couple of hours with your brother, and I don't think the subject cropped up between us. By the way, it's rather singular when you come to think of it—I mean as an illustration of the complexities of modern life—that Ivor should have been at the Croft within an hour of the time the murder is said to have been committed, and yet that neither he nor I should hear a syllable about it till we were more than five thousand miles away."

Enna stared at him with startled eyes.

"I fail to understand you," she said.

"Ivor left the Croft that evening to join you at Broom Hill station, in time to catch the 9 o'clock train for Liverpool, whereas—"

"Just so; but aren't you aware that he went back to the Croft again in order to get something he had left behind?"

"No, I am not aware of anything of the kind," answered Enna, faintly, with a shiver at her heart.

"Anyhow, that's what he did," answered Senlac. "We met at the station, as agreed upon, and Penleath had sent back the dog-cart, when all at once he discovered, and very much put out he seemed, that he had left behind something of great importance (what it he never told me), which it was imperative that he should go back in person to fetch. Accordingly, he hired a fly, and was away a little over an hour. Of course we missed the 9 o'clock train, but we got away by the one leaving at 11 o'clock. But you say you knew nothing of this?"

"No—nothing." Did she speak the words aloud, or only fancy that she did? She could not tell.

"Penleath won't be likely to forget that evening for some time to come," resumed Senlac. "When he got back to the station he had an ugly cut just above the left eye. He had tripped and stumbled in the dark he said. I'm afraid he'll carry the scar as long as he lives. But good gracious, how ill you look, Miss Penleath. What can I do for you? What can I get for you?"

"I shall be better presently. Give me your arm as far as the terrace. It is cooler there."

Dancing began a few minutes later, and Lord Senlac, who was engaged for the first time, hurried away in search of his partner. Enna was glad to be left alone.

The whole terrible story was now made clear to her. Ivor, for some purpose of his own, had gone back to the Croft and had there encountered Darvill. A quarrel had ensued, he remembered that her brother had never disguised his dislike for the captain, there had been a struggle, as was evidenced by the wound over Ivor's eye and the overturned lamp, and in the heat of passion Ivor had stabbed Darvill to the heart. Roden had somehow become cognizant of the fact, and in order to screen her brother, had allowed the burden of guilt to be laid upon his shoulders. Times ever since the interview with him she

had asked herself for whose sake he had allowed himself to be made a scapegoat. Now she had her answer.

### CHAPTER XII.

Explanations.

As uncle and niece were on their way home from Urswick Manor, the colonel said: "I suppose Lord Senlac did not fail to tell you about Ivor and his accident, and how unaccountably he seems to be lingering on in New York?"

"The colonel had been as surprised as Enna at finding his lordship at the Manor, and had not failed to question him as to his unexpected return."

"Yes, he told me," answered Enna, in her most matter-of-fact tone.

"If it were any other than Ivor," went on the colonel, "I should say it was uncommonly ungrateful (not to use a harsher term) on his part never to have dropped a line to either of us all the time he has been away; nor even to send us a message by Senlac; but I have grown so used to your brother's peculiarities that I am never surprised at anything he may do or say—or rather as, in this case, at anything that he may leave undone or unsaid."

As nothing further was said, Enna concluded that Lord Senlac had not thought it worth while to say anything to the colonel about Ivor's return to the Croft on the night of the murder, of which not a creature about the house seemed to be aware, or of the wound over his eye when he got back to the station. To his lordship they doubtless seemed matters of trivial import, while to her they were replete with the most tragic significance.

This reticence on Senlac's part, all unwittingly though it might be, was a great relief to Enna. Although by nature one of the most unsuspicious of men, might not those two little facts had they been told her uncle, have opened up a train of suspicion in his mind, the following up of which might have led him to no one could say whether? Yes, she told herself as she alighted at the Croft, it was better, infinitely better, that her uncle should be left in ignorance at least for the present, and until she herself should have had time to think over what had been told her and make up her mind as to what step it behooved her to take in view of the unexpected light thrown by Lord Senlac upon what had hitherto been to her an impenetrable mystery.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### A JUDGE'S ROBE.

Chief Justice Chase and His Missing Gown.

Have you ever seen the supreme court of the United States during one of its sittings? Unlike judges in most lower courts, the supreme court justices wear black gowns that are much like cassocks or church chorists. Arrayed in these somber black gowns, the justices a row of seven or eight very large and very learned men, present an appearance of official dignity that is most striking.

The supreme court convenes at 12 o'clock. One day Chief Justice Chase was unable to find his robe. He searched every part of the robing-room, and even lighted a match to go deeper into his closet than usual in search of the missing gown, because the day was a dark and rainy one.

It wanted but a minute or two of twelve, when the chief justice, almost beside himself with long searching, appealed to Ben Wade, the famous rough and ready senator from Ohio, who chanced to enter the room, to help him find the lost gown.

Wade had just come in from out of doors, and so thrusting his umbrella under one of the seats to see if the missing garment was there, he fortunately fished it out. Holding it at arm's length on the end of his dripping umbrella, he shouted: "Here, Chase—here's your old shirt."

The learned chief justice reached his seat in the middle of the row just as the clock struck the last stroke of twelve, but the spectator from the front would never have guessed that the gown which clothed so much dignity had been, ten seconds before, dangling at the end of a very wet umbrella.—Harper's Young People.

#### The Japanese Religion.

The Japanese have a high form of natural religion, known as "Shinto." "The way of the god"—which teaches simplicity, courtesy in social life, and careful attention to the least detail in life's surroundings. Shinto teaches the fundamental tenets of true politeness, in that it inculcates reverence to parents as one of the highest virtues, and the family circle fosters the germs of the great national trait of ceremonious politeness. There is no oath or offensive word with which to express dissatisfaction in the Japanese vocabulary, save recent acquisitions supplied by Western civilization at the Treaty Ports. Deference to age is universal with the young; and it is considered a privilege as well as an evidence of filial duty to study the wants and wishes of the parents, even before the necessities of the progeny of those who may have households of their own.

#### Sheep as Beasts of Burden.

Sheep are not commonly regarded as useful as beasts of burden, but in a large part of northwestern India thousands of sheep carry for many miles the commodities that are purchased by the sale of their own wool. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep more surefooted than larger beasts are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds.

#### He Had Had Experiences.

Wife—Oh George, the water pipe is leaking, and the water is spoiling the new hall carpet. Go and get a plumber quick.

Husband—That's all right, my dear, let it go; it's cheaper to get a new carpet.—Harvard Lampoon.

When you have over-exerted yourself by running, jumping, or working, there is nothing that will relieve the soreness of your joints and muscles so quickly and effectively as Buxton's Eucalypti Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. 25 cts.

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The police-force in all parts of the country bear uniform testimony to the great value of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as a remedy for cough, cold and incipient consumption. They all emphasize the fact that no one should be without it.

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Prof. Barrett, of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: Not one death occurs now where twenty died before Dr. Bull's Eucalypti was known. Over fifty years of constant success places Dr. Bull's Eucalypti at the head of the long list of cough remedies.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Maudsley Bitters.

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"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you \$50 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that cures Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents.

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